

Ink in Bloom

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By

Augusta Rantz

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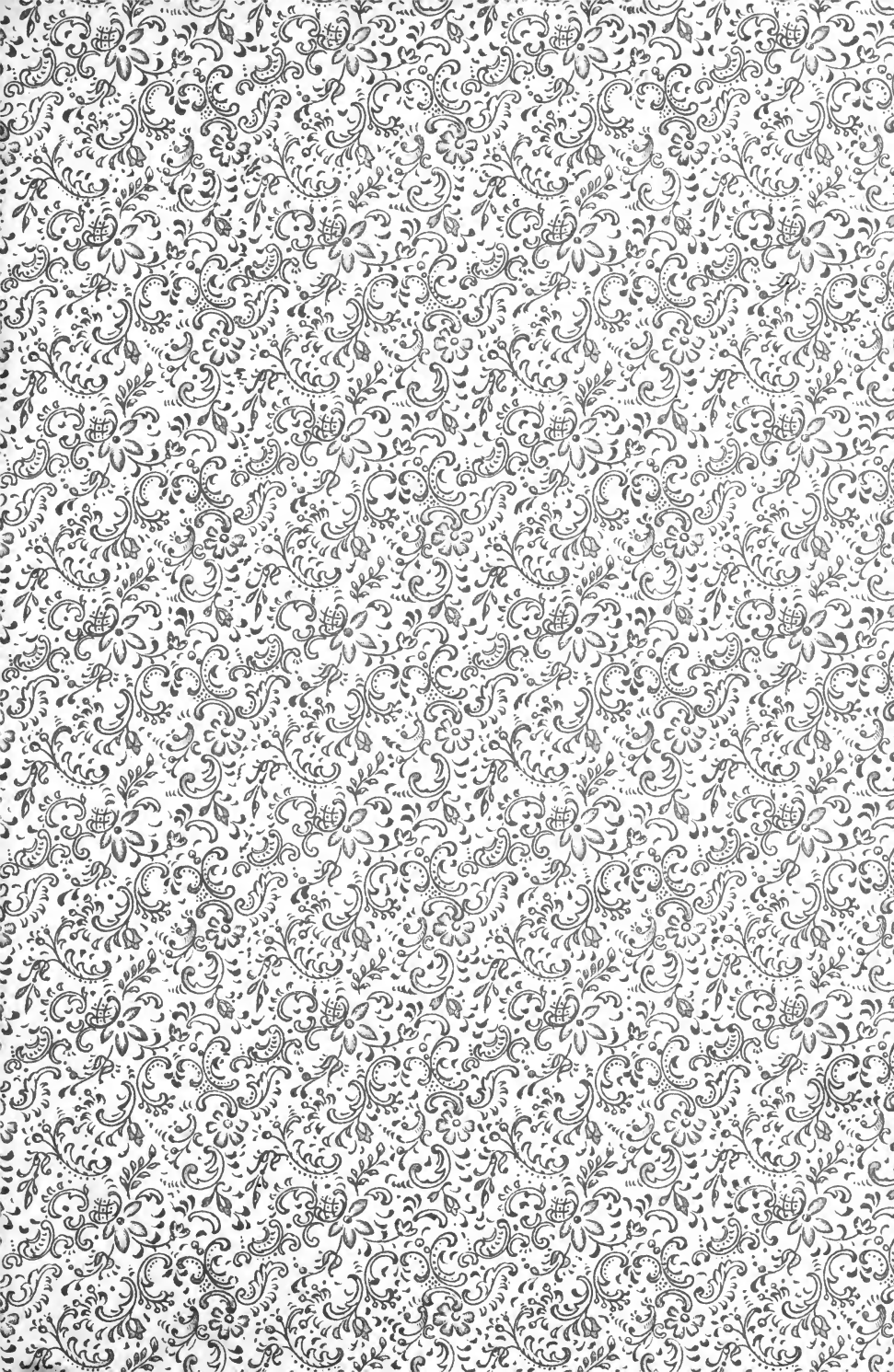
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By

Augusta Kautz



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San Diego, California, 1902

Press of Baker Bros.

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San Diego, Cal.

Ink ❀ In Bloom ❀ ❀



Darkness.

The darkness has fallen o'er the windows of night,
The stars are all lit, and the moon burns bright,
But one pallid cloud broods beside it, alone,
Like a lone kindred left at the old hearthstone.

The fireflies are falling like th' drip, drip of flame
That flashes and flies past the dark window frame,
The croon of the frogs and the buoy on the bay
Float off in the dark, to the offing of day.

When night's sable curtain o'ershadows the blue,
And darkness is wall'wing the dew-dampness through,
Heart-longings go wand'ring like wraiths gone astray,
They wander and wander in darkness away.

Love for Nature.

'Tis when earth's moans and murmurings
Spin webs across my sun,
And all my stars the clouds enshroud—
My sky a vaulted tomb—
That care-torn waves of plaint cry loud
With wailings of my doom—
Yet, Nature, then makes glad, and brings
Such peace as sorrows shun.
For cheer is precious gift of hers
To all her worshipers.

The Winter Night.

The moonbeams seep through hapless boughs.
The wind, the fallow snow-fields plows.
White, weftless, warpless garments wrap
'Bout flowers asleep in Nature's lap.
Each hill sleeps 'neath a tented roof
Of an unwoven, threadless woof.
Each bush beneath its white robe bows
Like brides at altars whisp'ring vows.
And over wood and over wold,
There drips the winter's stinging cold.
Uncrumpled leaves, all fresh and new
Will rustle where the moon peeps through.
Though Spring's warm breathing may come late,
Yet, all "things come if but we wait."
Each spring, the proudest bush lifts up its roses high,
Then scatters them, all withered 'bout its feet,
Where shadows dark, like purple garments lie—
And yet, the year remembers spring was sweet.

Be Still and Wait

Each winter waits its nestling snow,
Each spring its daffodils.
Then wait, wait, wait, and you shall know,
What fate thy future wills.
The skylark waits its strength'ned wings,
But waiting, waiting, sings.
Waiting answers wonderings;
Naught else an answer brings.
Then wait, wait, wait, for sorrow grows
Into a happiness.
But wait, wait, wait for no one knows
Which curse holds blessedness.

My Ranch in California

Tonight, while the day lifts her bright golden sail,
And away in the darkness of evening drifts;
Mem'ry bears me away to an old ranch kraal,
Where a plane-tree the shade and the sunshine sifts
In a checkered design of wierd shadow and fire
On the old tule thatch of my dun-brown byre.

There hope rose from the depths of life's floundering sea,
But outrode it like billows that die on the shore.
I have sipped all there is, in a hope's minstrelsy—
For she sang with the birds on the trees by my door,
And she danced with the shadows all edged with fire,
That fell on the thatch of my dun-brown byre.

But sometimes I think 'twas a wraith that was there,
Who enchanted the ranch and the plane-tree grove—
For though sunshine and shadow I find ev'rywhere;
Yet, I never have found an enchantment that wove
Such designs, as fell dripping their darkness and fire
On the old, tule thatch of my dun-brown byre.

Right Words

A veil of sunset light is on her head,
Her life is raveled and worn,
Her life is tangled and torn,
And yet, her face, God's sun hath hallowéd.
Oh, if the right word had been said,
Her heart had let the sunshine in,
And on her soul that halo been—
Had her sad heart been comforted!

Nature's Pictured Poems of Hope

Oh, blessed hope! Breath from afar hills blown!
Oh, speed on heaven's swift-steeded ray,
And on my brow thy soothing finger lay,
And breathe thy benediction!

Thou mak'st along the arid desert way—
In fair mirage, the cooling fountains play.
Warm castles haunt the Arctic atmosphere
In lavish benediction.

Dear hope, o'er heaven's threshold blown!
Thou writ'st poems ev'ry where,
On desert sand and on the air.
Thou truth in fiction!

Choir Invisible

If ev'ry mind its noblest thought
Laid on the altar of the age,
To coming minds, the years would bring
A noble heritage.

Eternal destiny has he,
Who shall bequeath a thought to men,
That's destined in their life to be
Resanctified again.

Oh, inspired thoughts! Oh, doves that seek
Safe shelter where life's bleak sea rolls
May thy feet rest where Truth shall speak
To consecrated souls!

When I Die

Like a tired child, I'll climb for rest,
In Nature's lap,
And lay my head on her fond breast,
To take my nap.
Still praying, that as earth grows dark,
And Death shall launch my spirit bark
Beyond earth's chasm-rim,
My stars may not be dim.

Recompense

Oh, Youth, why haunt my thoughts again?
Think you there is a joy in pain?
That you come, mocking me with how
My life sums up this wretched Now?
Like shadows dark which cresting waves
Are burying deep in ocean graves,
Are hopes we spill beneath life's tide—
They sink down caverns deep and wide,
Where each new hope adds more new wails,
And one more dead, which sea-wrack veils.
Oh youth, why haunt my thoughts again?
Life's evening hour is on the wane;
Scant sun lies 'long life's western wall
Where shadowy phantoms thickly fall.
An evening's calm comes e're night's gray
Shuts domelike o'er the closing day.
So, let peace sing my lullaby
Of rest, till hushed in sleep I lie.

'Tis Better

Oh, learn to love age's chain and fetter,
Nor reach with yearning hands for youth
And freedom—For we know how better
It is, to brave our weight of ruth,
Than fetter youth with age's years.
For youth's not youth, that knows life's tears.

Love for Traditions

Like children in the dark we stand,
And cry for truth to light us.
And blindly grope with outstretched hand,
And feel some touch will right us.
E'en though life's shadows have grown long,
Tradition's specters haunt us;
We trembling say that truth is wrong,
So do the specters daunt us.
We send our soul into the dark,
For truths for which we're yearning,
The spectral shapes loom stern and stark—
Our soul in fright returning.
Like children crying in the night,
In doubt if there's a morning,
We turn our faces from the light,
At old tradition's warning.
Truth's hand, sometime, will overthrow
Tradition's awful power,
And heal our fears with balm, and then,
To life will come her dower.

To J. C.

Poet lips, all aflame with ineffable fire,
With burning that cleanses the earthy entire,
And even makes sanctities purer when tossed
Into the holocaust.

The Wind's Inquiry

Beneath their cloudy coverlets
The stars lie dreaming.
The wind complains, "Not yet? not yet?
Are night stars gleaming?
Then, mountains ask, if they forget
To be a-beaming,
That 'neath their cloudy coverlet
They lie a-dreaming?"

Alone

I know, 'twill not be I, you lay to rest,
In that unsightly yawn of earth;
And if I knew much love would be
A standing there, up close, by me,
I would not dread the grave's cold dearth.
But, as a child, for sleep undressed,
Kneels down by mother then, and prays,
Nor trembles, while by him she stays—
But, when she bears the light away,
He peers into the dark, and weeps—
Yet, sinking on his pillow, sleeps;
So, though I'll sleep and make no moan,
I dread to be left thus, alone.

Prophery

You may not care to read my rhymes today;
But sometime, you who knew me well,
Will gather round the hearth and tell
Of a simple soul, whose grief-taught lips would say
These rhymes, and I shall seem to linger nigh
Your hearthstone's glow,
As past the frosted windows fly,
The driven snow.

I sing my rhymes for love's sweet sake.
I sing—if be, 'tis well or ill,
I sing my yearning heart to still.
I sing, or but, my lonely heart would break.
My songs you will remember, by and by,
And say them o'er—
When snowflakes from the tempests fly
A-past your door,

And think you hear my voice, above the blast
Repeating some old stanza, till
For you—so rapt—the storm is still—
Then, you rememb'ring all again, at last,
Will hear gusts, like ill omened birds of bane,
Go flapping by
A-past the frost-furred window pane
With lonely cry.

The Wind Bloweth Where it Listeth

Whence comes the kindling torch that fires

Our hearts, or whither does it go?

It comes not at our wills' desires,

It comes as tempest, or comes still,

And flees ere we its face can know.

But where abides the impulse strong

That guides the unseen flight along?

At A Friend's Grave

Thou child of sorrow, take thy rest!

Nothing disturbs thee here.

Fate gave thee ev'ry pang in life,

Grief gave her all—a tear.

Fond Pity gave her all—a hope,

That gift of heavenly breath.

And Life gave best of all she had

In giving—rest of death.

So child of sorrow, take thy rest!

Nothing disturbs thee here,

Life, Pity, Grief, gave you their best,

In death, and hope, and tear.

Better Bloom

Had the earth been barren of blossom,
Could we have dreamed a flower?

Ev'ry soul is a wand whose secret power
Can reveal golden treasure still unmined.
Feed its lamp for a light and you will find,
E'en the heart of the May day speaks to you,
And out of its bosom comes message true.
And your garden of tears will burst in bloom,
And brighten the dearth of earth's bleak gloom.
And then, 'neath the drip of the silv'ry rain
Of heaven, they will break into bloom again,
And nurtured there, they will be, I deem,
More beautiful far, than which we dream.

What We Reap

Fancy life's labor closed, and Azrael nigh.
Death has opened the coffer where records lie.
At the wide, open lid we calmly kneel—
Nor the omen-like hush tells woe or weal.
'Mong the scant, storéd things, we find but deeds,
Thoughts and words, and our aims, themselves the seeds
For our undying, endless, heav'nly fields—
Being records of what life's harvest yields.

Thought

Oh, may I be
Upheld by the unseen strands of thought
To the soul of the holiest things.
To the Presence that straightens what error wrought,
And out of all discord, concord brings,
And breathes on the spirit a breath of life,
The life of an ever-living soul—
Not laving its brim with achieved desire,
But incense, that rises high, and higher
Against all the stress of storm and strife,
Not ideals revived to overroll;
But grander aspirings, for outlived soul.
Not rest, but a broad'ning growth each hour.
If tip of the finger touch the flower,
Why wish for its fragile form to grasp,
For all that is high has touch, not clasp.
And eternity means but breadth and wings,
Devoid of the altar, creeds and things.

Forgetfulness Due To Age

Oh Mem'ry, angel of backward look!
Will Time soon clasp thy echoing book?
When leethed in thy own gray grave,
Has Death a rescuing power to save?
But, what of God on earth I see
Gives me new trust in what shall be.
My lyre with faith's fair hope resounds;
For love, in that far land abounds.
I may not life's full strain attain,
Yet, sometime, sing the whole refrain.

Pleading

Oh soul, if thou my joy would'st know,
Go dip from silv'ry seas of dreams,
Its liquid moonlight glow,
And tip my pen with fairest beams
And I will write it so!

Oh, soul untamed, dost thou forget
All those grand, tinkling words secrete
No rhyme has girdled yet?
Oh, tip my pen with those words sweet,
And I will write them yet!

Whate'er 'tis hints to sweetest June
Secrets that make us love her so—
This time so opportune,
Oh, dip my pen in overflow
Of molten charms of June!

Thy Sorrows

If o'er thy life the shadows creep,
Draw furrows deep within thy pain,
And plant the seeds of love therein;
Thy harvest, needy ones will reap,
And plant the surplus o'er again.

However many garnered sheaves
Thy harvest yields—or frequently,
Rank aftermath springs up again.
Thy grief its nourisher will be,
Transmuting all thy pain to love
Transcending earth's—and which conceives
The joy and peace of heaven above.

Freedom

Today I will be free
As waves upon the sea,—
As wide-winged pelican.
Today my soul shall wander where its cares,
Shall, dreaming, soar above entangling snares—
Above where length'ning shadows chase
The light away—to where
My purest instincts dare
Stand face to face with God, and kneeling down
Ask benediction, while deserving frown.

The Skylark

Is earth deluged by a symphony's borning cry?
Or are stars of high heaven o'erflowing with song,
That is melting in tinsely glow of the sky
Where the day lies a-tremble of melody?
No, skylark, while dreaming thou sing'st thy dream!
Is it love draws thee skyward, or wouldst thou fain
Flee the tragical bondage of duties that seem
Fate, that binds thee to earth by no love's silv'ry chain?
I would call upon death with caresses, I own,
If 'twould be, that my soul winged with thy ecstasy.
I would rise to the sky. Nest of fledglings I've none,
And nothing to hold me from futurity.
As I listen thy rapture, the bliss in thy strain
Lifts my soul far above earthy tumult and care,
I am heeding no longer life's turbulent main,
Whose surf is the human's wild, tossing despair.

New Songs

The prophet's harp has long been dumb:
But to some poet there will come
Diviner songs, which souls shall hear,
And garner up as treasures dear.
Like laden boughs will bend to bear
Full share of burd'ning manna there,
That weary ones, who hunger plead,
May feed on spirit food they need.
Oh, haste the day, when hope shall spring
From out some poet's minstreling.

Man and Nature

Soul of Nature! Airy splendor!
Unseen, yet felt! Upborne by thee,
My own soul calms so tender,
It drifts on airy tides. Ah, me!
My tangled veil of nightness,
Beshadows so thy brightness!
What magic links my soul with thee?
Humanity was made of man.
Yet flowers enjoy such air as he,
Love sun, and sleep, and wake their span;
And then bequeath themselves to man.
Though of the dust, they soulfully
Speak volumes to humanity.

The Waves

Oh, waves that trample o'er the pathless sea!
What magnet draws thy foam-white chargers to the
shore,
Then, trips each sturdy steed that dares its charm
explore?
As if some jealous gorgon perilled all the lea.
Like Phalanges of pluméd helmets dip and rise—
Waves come so proudly on, but, with a booming call,
They stumble, bow, and with a mighty impulse fall
And sink, as if the feet that tread the sea despise
The land, and shrink recoiling from the barring strand
That severs turb'lent waters from the quiet land.

Wedded

This dear, bright day, the last that came
From out the golden East!
No other day has been the same;
(To me unlike at least.)
For only once comes love, 'tis said,
Lamps lit but once, to watch it, dead.
Love gave, today, a holy name
To him and me, for life,
A sacred name, yet not the same,
His—husband, mine is wife.

One View

Love is its own reward.
It thrives on its own living.
If spurned, it turns toward
A more abundant giving.
'Tis fuel of its own fire,
Child of its own begetting.
It is its own desire.
It waxes of forgetting.
Love is its own real sorrow,
And is its own real joy.
If scorned today—tomorrow
'Tis freer from alloy.

To the Mountains

The stars seem to peep 'neath thy bonnets of snow,
The sun tans thy bare shoulders brown, in its glow,
The green ivy vines gird each rocky elbow.
In the wind at thy feet writhe the agonized palm.
But thy summits seem brooding in infinite calm.

And I love, love you so!

Thou'rt seldom alone, thy three handmaids are there,
Either trimming thy gown, or bedecking thy hair;
Sweet Sun, Moon and Cloud—and they make thee most
fair.

Art thou reaching, the hand of Jehovah to touch?
Like me, seeking ever His fingers to clutch?
Oh, Thought, Carrier bird! To those far summits fly!
This message bear nearer to God upon high.

Oh I love, love them so!

After We Are Gone

Shut behind the flower is a dim unknown.
Shut behind each life is a realm our own.
As the wand of the year melts the winter's snow,
And raps for the flowers to waken—so
Death's wand melts our faults, and triumphant things,
From our life's unknown, into beauty springs.

At Last

When we travel the utmost path of life,
On the verge of its farth'rest boundary—
By our side, there will walk, griefs of today;
Like a ghost, they will haunt our path away.
And the tears we have shed, when grief lacked speech
(We had deemed sunk to depths no time could reach)
Will come back to the heart, and never fail
To bewail—for despite us, griefs prevail,
For of death, it is said, 'tis but the lane
That must lead from *bad* dreams, to be a gain.

Playmates

Oh, playmates of those long-gone years!

Each sunset, clearer the past appears.

Years brought us to our parted ways.

As heedless then as we are now—

We failed to see in flower's decay

A record—till upon our brow

Lines came, and tallied off each day.

We've found no hearts the wide world through

Like those child-hearts, so fond and true.

And never paths so smooth and cool

As those in which we loitered, when

We wended to the village school;

Hand clasped in hand, so trustful then—

The memory of their touch endures.

Oh childhood! Since the world has been

No man has found such faith as yours!

Some, early left life's cank'rous care,

And sought for comrades "over there"—

Escaped temptations and regret.

I wonder now, if those who fled

Retain that old child-sweetness yet!

If so, why mourn our early dead?

Best keep our soul unsullied, sweet—

Fit playmate, when again we meet.

Rose

Oh, rose, thou lesson of the dust!

Thy birth is dust's forgetting.

Thy life—God's thought in setting.

Thy death is a begetting

Of sweeter roses from the dust.

Questions

Will man some day subdue the clouds?
And conquer the whirlwind?
Tame the sea, and torture the sky,
Into subjection to his mind?
Still the wild savagery of wars?
That Peace may dare
Proclaim the millennium here?
Where now raves tumults shot and shell,
Will Peace have quiet yet?
Earth's pain bring offspring got by truth?
And man bear signet of the sky—
In love that turns earth's grief to joy?
As strands forgive the fret
Of ocean's waves—will love forget?

Self-Reliance

When hope falls, drop by drop away,
And reaching out our empty hand,
We find no hand or arm to stay,
Nor voice to cheer—but silence bland—
We weep disconsolate. At length
We come to make no farther moan;
We seek no more, sustaining strength.
With empty hands we walk alone!

Love for Sorrows

Joy will clasp thee so sudden when thy spirit is calm,
Thou'lt refuse that its yearning shall begirt thee like
balm.

Neither wilt thou unbar thy shut door to its call
For the sorrows, that shadow and darken thy hall.

Affinity

The woodbine is blown against my heart.

My spirit is touched by the pine.

The silence is whisp'ring my soul,

In the breath of the eglantine.

Beauty's tendrils have blown 'gainst my heart,

And clung by their coil-twining tips,

As splendor of soul speaks to soul,

Or like touching of love's sacred lips.

The Wind

Oh, wind blow on, but linger as you pass!

Kiss this willow tree,

For she is softly sighing to the grass.

Bowed with grief is she!

Miguel stands cold and stern beneath your kiss—

(Fierce mountains those!)

But she will sweetly lean to your embrace,

In fond repose.

Your kiss has stirred to anger's wild alarms

The restless sea;

But she will softly nestle in your arms—

Kiss her tenderly.

That is All

'Tis so long since these tresses from brown, turned to
gray,

And with life's worn out wreckage love drifted away!
I had thought, hand in hand we would both walk away
Through our souls' stilly chambers, well knowing our
way.

But I was dreaming, that is all!

Though my soul's hall is desolate, memory brings
Cruel, echoing words from the old fondleings.

And if ever my heart of love's sweetnesss sings,
It is rankled to pain, by its own wakenings—

But I was dreaming, that is all!

My Two Lives

One life has heard dream-voices calling,
And followed, followed where they led,
Till holy dreams came falling, falling
In show'ring handfuls on my head.

One life is homely, poor and dreary,
Is purposeless, shiftless and sad.
So desolate and vain and weary—
A life at best, not grand or glad.

And often when the stars were gleaming,
I, tears of loneliness have shed;
Then dreams came flocking 'bout me seeming
To be companions from the dead.

All words, though sweet with magic rhyming,
Are earthy echoes. Then, can mine—
However soft, they blend in chiming,
Give voice to dreamings so divine?

Sea Coast of California

Thy waves do not follow the wake of the sun—
They eastward are led, by an unseen hand;
Or, riders unseen ride with unseen reins
And mad, reckless spurs, till with high, arching manes,
Like steeds that are scared, they flee swiftly to land,
And dash on the rocks—yet, they all understand,
For they stop, at the touch of the bordering strand.

The Infinite Sea

Go weeper, "such tears only weary the eyes that weep."
Go to the infinite deep.
If you wait till the darkness and you watch alone—
No star comforteth thee
As does the wild joy of the disheveled sea.
There comes surcease to pain
When we stand with our grief by the infinite main—
For its low undertone
Wafts like incense, bemingling our pain with its own.
Let thy heart-longings be
The prayer of it's Priest, at its altar—the sea.

A holy Presence purifies
The heart of infancy—
Time strikes the hour of youth, it flies;
And if it ever comes again,
It comes a shadow, or in sighs.

White Clouds

White clouds, (in whose embrace the mountains rest in peace—)

So like the mist that mem'ry casts about our dreams
That brood in fancy's chambers, till their presence seems
More real than shadows wand'ring through the mountain gaps,

To melt where sunshine sits upon the summits laps.
No longer rock the pines upon the mountain height,
There Nature slumbers, wrapped within thy ermine white.

The Victory

Oh, ring, far hymn of human gladness!

Blow clarion trumpets, till 'tis known
That love shall conquer all earth's sadness!

Blow, till love's triumph is your own!
For God is love, and it must be
That love is sure of victory.

And then, all hearts shall fill with beauty.

And then, all lips shall flow with song.
Our prompter will be love, not duty.

And heaven will to earth belong—
When love has won the victory.

Heaven's Wide-Open Door

Oh, sunniest sunset of sunny days!
Oh, shadowy world of purpling haze!
Fancy sees past thy crags of crimson mist
 Heaven's wide open door
With its threshold of gold and amethyst,
Where our lost ones shall keep love's sacred tryst.
 At the wide open door.

When earth's tortuous pathway no more shall bend
Away from the threshold where heartaches end,
Then, 'neath sheltering shade of yon gold-spangled sky,
Like the low bended arch of a vestibule high
 Over the open door—
We shall know the return of our unanswered kiss,
And unheeded embrace, which we gave, I wiss,
When their spirit was wending the pathway from this,
 Up to the open door.

Oh, symbolic sunset! Must we turn away—
That last solemn sunset of life's sanguine day—
If our God given spirit shall stand beside
 The wide-open door,
And it come with no creed of the earth, to guide
It through heaven's door, standing open as wide
 As our own father's door?
Can none of God's household reach welcoming hands,
To the earth-weary soul, that there homelessly stands
 At the wide-open door?

True Marriage

"One near one is too far."—Browning.

As mist leaps from the mountain crag—
Each part upholding each—
And mingled, floats, nor, seeks to drag
Drop near to drop—too far
To be united into one—
So, when two souls dare leap
Into unspanned and shoreless space,
Not fearing depths too deep—
(Though hand had never made the place)
How like the mist they are—
Not wooed or wooing souls—but won,
Not soul near soul—too far—
But one. A unison.

Results

When your soul reads to you out of Nature's book,
And with beauty so grand, in your eyes shall look—
Life untangles the mystery wove in its chain,
And begirts you about, like a silken skein.

When the flowers touch your heart with their own
desires,
And on hillsides the spring hangs her quivering fires—
Then, the heart is bewildered, like streams that will
To flow on, but at clutch of the frost are still.

When with June's perfumed drap'ry the sunshine wraps,
And the fierce, fretful waves on the shingle raps—
Then, Nature o'erpowers with a sweet surprise,
Nor chides if 'tis dreams, or 'tis tears, dims our eyes.

Soul-World

The poet coaxes his soul for shadows,
As the sky coaxes the sea.
For God decrees that a new creation,
The gift of the souls of earth, shall be.
The world created shall be unnamed—
Begot of the atmosphere of God.
Its new-born turf, be a sward reclaimed
From the soul-side of the sod.
Instincts of Nature, which souls have tamed
Will people the wilderness,
The kiss of soul that quickens the leaf—
(Like fleets of raining clouds
At anchor above arid solitudes,)
Will stir the breast of the barren plain,
Till heard beneath are pulsing throbs
Of soul a-tremble with eager strain
To break the earthy, curbing rein.
Now souls snatch food from a bitter sea.
Like curlews, they gather the drift of waves.
But they shall feast from a beauty born
In the fastness' hush of the soul's new morn.
Now souls sound ever but one, low note
Of song, too far for earth to hear.
For boundlessness of that soul-world's cheer,
Would blunt the pen of him, who wrote,
And madden the soul-deaf ears that hear.

The Harvest

We soon shall hear the wind a-wrestling,
With the rip'ning sheaves.
See grapes, like babes a-nestling
To the bosom of the leaves.
Corn's rusty blades, like swords a-clashing
O'er the rusty ears beneath,
Grown russet from the frost a-splashing
O'er their husked and tassled sheath.
What though the husk be old and hoary—
From out the swaddling sere—
Just like the magic in the story
Peeps the golden ear.

Stolidity

The evening bright as is the morning,
That day is best.
With myriad ways for love and lorning,
What day so blessed?
Going out of my heart one evening
I met its song.
All day my heart, from loss and grieving
Had been made strong.
Since then, not any song achieving,
I grope along.

I Give You to Drink

Oh, glory's descending gladness come!
Let soul speak soul! Let the soulful seek!
'Twould hush the voice of cavil dumb
If flesh no more, for soul could speak.

With deeper meaning roses bloom
Than earth has fathomed yet.
Such perfume wrings from brake and broom
As ne'er earth's sunshine shall beget.
The sea speaks language in its boom
That list'ning souls shall ne'er forget.
Now this is wisdom and not doubt.
'Tis yielded myst'ry of beings soul,
Whose hidden meaning is found out.

Soul silence broken into seeing,—
Something deeper, brighter, clearer,
The Soul of heaven has unveiled.
Something purer, grander, nearer,
That hungry souls have sought and failed.
Some poet's soul shall touch its key,
And sing for all humanity.
Yes, more! His song shall be
Re-echoed down eternity!

The Moaning of the Sea

The sea leaps up with gesture strong and free,
And proudly breakers challenge earth and sky.
And what a ghostly moaning haunts the sea,
With never-ending, mournful, moaning cry
That moans a million moans continually!

There must be peril on this unbound sea,
Whose dyings scare the quiet air—nor dies,
But moans, and moans and moans continuously—
As if to fright its solitudes by cries.
Yet knows no language for its misery.

But lift on high thy mournful, moaning voice,
To cloud and calm, to wind and sky, and star!
For songs of mirth and gladness shall rejoice
All spaces where no madding waters are!
There Nature laughs and sings from choice.

Nature's Hurt

The tall wheat sighs, perhaps it grieves
The coming shears among its sheaves.
The tree shrinks from the frost that cleaves
The stems that hold it near its leaves.
Wind sighs if rain forget to come.
Clouds fade if thunder will be dumb.
When Fall's chilled flowers droop and pine,
Then, no warm sun consents to shine.

The Mighty Traveler

Day, from the dawn to sunset steps,
With stride that spans the firmament.
While twilight spreads her jeweled tent,
And evening is her peace unfolding,
The Day is Night's portierre upholding,
A glorious sunset rushes through,
And from a chalice slowly spills
The yellow of the daffodils;
Cloud-lances pierce the golden stain,
And from the wound drips crimson rain,
That mingles with the gray and blue
And purples the cerulean hue.
Night hangs her crown upon the air,
Slowly unbinds her ebon hair.
One shoon, she rests upon the West,
One, rends the train of Morning's vest.
Day lifts again the Night's portierre,
And steps resplendent on the air.
Time speeds these mighty travelers
To temples, where the worshipers
Are mem'ries, that as off'rings, cast
Upon the altar—all the past.

Spring

The spring unfold's the thrush's psalm,
And pats the earth with her pretty palm,
Till greenness grows and flowers unfold;
The roses red, the daffodils gold.
Oh, spring, may souls that you have blessed,
Bloom with increasing loveliness!

Now Rest

The sun's pink skirt trailed o'er the sea,
Up to the waiting West,
Where, pushing back the clouds to see,
She signaled earth, "Now Rest."

She gazed on high—each look a kiss
That lit which star caressed—
Then, balanced o'er night's dark abyss,
She signaled earth, "Now Rest!"

A glory veils her vesper shrine,
And glows along the West.
She shuts her window curtains to,
And signals earth, "Now Rest!"

Strive

If we know joy, 'tis that life's grain
We rap with sickle and with flail,
And brew to fill the holy grail,
Which but the pure in heart can drain.

By tireless wings, larks win the sky,
And conquer misty veils of haze.
Then climb thy soul's high stair and raise
Thyself to heights that purify.

The Light

"There is light which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. If there, fore the light that is in thee is darkness, how great is that darkness."—Bible.

Truth may be slow, but never yet, was led
Into the darkness. Light forever was God's bark
To bear His messenger, the Truth, into the world
To pierce the darksome folds of blinding creeds
O'er human eyes--strike chains from human souls,
And bind with healing, hurts, from which the human
 bleeds!

If light within is dark, great the darkness then,
Although 'twas spoken, soul light lighteth men.

Oh, Ignorance! Untaught by Christ of God!
'Tis thou, who hold'st thick, distorting veils of creed
'Twixt man and light! Know ye! Truth never, never
 trod

The dark, to lift God's mainmast torch—to lead
His children from the shadows of the night!
But truth that flashes from His bark's resplendent bow
Illumines souls with gleams of heaven's light,
Till man, his altar raises in her prow.

On error's sea, God's bark will never ride,
Its foghorns lift no midnight from our sky;
But on that sea of blackness, man will long abide—
Will grope about for many, many years,
Till, in the darkness, generations die—
A throng so grimed, they wash not by their tears.
When light is dark, great is the darkness then,
Although 'twas spoken—soul light lighteth men.

Faithful

I wish I might dash yonder star 'gainst this town,
Whose sleepy, old windows from peaked gables look
down!

A stump, statue-like, stands beside the church door
Like a wrinkled, old veteran standing guard evermore.
If tonight, I might push my sad thought to the sky,
And like song's silv'ry mist, it might float to "Mori,"
She would know, if I flee from this primitive spot,
Though her grave be abandoned—I never forgot.

Love

Oh, love, thou angel of the skies!
Hold shading hand above my eyes,
That I may see that love must be
The boon that spans my destiny;
For human hearts where love abides
Are shrines where angels fold their wings—
More hallowed than where vesture clings
About an altar—more beside
Than pomp of sacerdotal pride.
More sacred than where sinners kneel
To wait the touch of pardon's seal.
Creeds rear some shrines. Love's altars are
'Neath ev'ry thatch, in ev'ry star.

The Real

Soul has no speech—its splendor speaks
In soundless waves of silence.
That mystic tone the poet seeks.
Unspeaking voice of silence!

Oh, splendor! Oh, eolian strain!
Oh, strand of God's own being!
I can not braid thy airy skein,
Into a visible seeing.

Oh, soul-trod solitude, where none
Intrude! Where spirit splendor
Unseen and voiceless thrills with tone
And vision mute and tender!

To Him

God smiled to me from out a rose
Beveiled by sheeny dew.
Sweet tears of love I shed, and those
Bedewed the roses too.

A breath like heaven o'er them blew:—
His own went up to Him,
Love's tears were more to Him, though few,
Than prayers I offered Him.

And all the praising hymns I sang—
How sounded them to Him?
Far more were loving tears that sprang
Unbid, for love of Him.

That Storm

Grief had long watched with me. Life with dark hours
was hung

When that storm, its last lullaby rain song had sung,
And the sun wandered forth, 'mid the gray, cloudy
arches,

To fold rainbow scarfs 'cross the sky's broad breast,
And with torches of flame smite the glowering West
To give glowing ending to that wild day.

Then, the hills seemed to whisper to me, and to say,
"As yon, far, flute notes lean on the bosom of night,"
And float o'er the waves gathering sweetness in flight—
So, thy heart's harp should glean of a heavenly gladness,
Untouched by life's storm, its darkness or sadness.

Thy soul's corridors touch both the earth and the sky,
And the heart's harp attunes with the one nearer by.
Shall the discordant storm-songs of earth strike its
strings,

That it vibrate in chord with the discord it brings,
And reverberate ever, down eternity's aisle?
Thou hast heaven within thee, and may live in its smile.
And with low, softened notes of the archangles' lyres
Tune thy soul's song in unison with heavenly choirs."

The Apple Trees

This luscious fruit has wine of spring,
And summer's spicy offering,
Concentrate nectar of the dew,
And sweet of Autumn's proffering.
Hail, trees, that such ambrosia brew
For Christmas wassailing!

Love Song

We loved on the shore of the sounding sea,
And forever more,
I hear, by the shore,
"Twas with love, such as gods loved—loved I thee!"
You died when our love was fond and true—
But, Oh, love is strong,
To sing the old song,
"With a love, such as gods love—love I you."

Soul Understands

How portray the blessed sunshine,
Or the perfume of the spring,
Or the hum of pines in winter,
Or the song the starlings sing.
Each has every sense pervaded
Like the subtle touch of prayer;
Yet, the tongue is mute—unaided,
By these phantoms of the air.
Sounds a sacred voice in silence
And the soul not understand?
There are keys the tone attempted
Spectral chords glide from our hand.
Smite such strings—there steals a Presence,
Like our shadow on the sand,
Though it leave no track nor tracings—
Yet, the soul can understand.

Made in God's Image

I asked a sweet flower in a deep, rocky dell,
Its secret of beauty, and fragrance and bloom;
Of the creak and the jar of its shuttle and loom.
"'Tis recorded," it said, "and the record should tell."

I questioned of grandeur, the rocks know so well.
And pleaded of thunder, its scroll to unroll.
But out from the shadows, the same answers stole—
"'Tis recorded," they said, "and the records will tell."

I begged both the stars and the mountains to tell
Of space, of sublimity, grandeur and might.
In concert they answered, from far, rocky height,
"'Tis recorded," each cried, "and the records will tell."

Again, when the moon cast a wierd, mystic, spell,
I asked of the night, for its myst'ry profound.
The answer came back in a soft, sougning sound,
"'Tis recorded," it sighed, "and the record must tell."

I asked of the river, of dingle and fell,
Of the trees, and the leaves, of the birds and the bees,
To learn of the spell, cast by each one of these.
"'Tis recorded," each murmured, "the records will tell."

I asked of the wind, if its wrath it would quell,
And tell me the secret, from whence comes its power.
With breath laden sweet from the kiss of a flower—
"'Tis recorded," it lisped, "and the record shall tell."

I constantly marveled where that record might be.
The record! The record! Was my soul's ceaseless shout,
My call from within, went to deep vasts without,
And I heard, in the dark my soul calling to me,
As if a dumb chord in my spirit awoke
Attuned with Jehovah—within me it spoke.
Its tone had the key Nature long had concealed,
And all of the secrets on record revealed.
And 'twas my own soul, was that record divine.
The same echoes fill Nature's soul, as fill mine.
Nor question I, how—for my own soul compels
Since it images God—'tis His record, and tells.

Heaven Within

Azrael took two friends one day,
Just over the border of life,
And listened to hear what they would say.
One talked of love, and one of strife.
One told of earth's sunshine and flowers.
And one remembered winter's snow.
And one earth's many joyful hours,
The other of its winds that blow.
One chose to dwell in heaven's bowers,
And one to dwell in Hades chose.

To My Muse

I am a dullard dreamer,
But of thy fullness give.
Without thy fount I perish,
I thirst—and drinking, live.
How love a world like this,
Of forlorn, vacant skies,
Except toil's interstice
You touch with sweet surprise?
Oh, flutter, rhymes divine,
A tremble with thy breath—
That shall be thine and mine,
Nor such as withereth!

Hopes

Hopes are like singing birds flying springward,
They die of the chill, ebbing cold.
But what of the realm lying wingward,
Where hope shot its arrows of gold?
What has life but its hopes, (though unspoken?)
When clouds rob our sky of their sun—
Is there aught, that man's life has so broken?
Oh, heaven is heaven—with one!

Living Waters

Reach, soul, into breath of the rose!
Reach into the song of the bird!
And the hymns which the sea winds have stirred.
For there, is the water that lives!
Drink deep of the calm which it gives.
For peace of the water is thine
That flows from the fountains divine,
Whose water eternally lives.

Oh, heart would'st thou know wave's emotion?
Then woo thou the heart of the ocean,—
For the current that throbs within thee,
Stirs the waves of the blue, pulsing sea.
Wouldst thou hear why the rivulets roll?
Lean thy ear close against Nature's soul,—
And steadfast as stars, then, will be
Divine truths that shall whisper to thee.

Good Night

Life's evening falls.
I feel the twilight's fingers steal in mine,
And lead me with a gentle hand
Into the night, where shadows twine
Life's shattered wreck upon the strand.

Oh, silent night!
Hope's brodered stars that on thy darkness rest
Are beacon lights lit by faith's hand,
To light each billow's fleecy crest
That bears me to the Silent Land.

Oh, silent path
That stretches far into the night, where rest
Awaits earth's weary ones, in sleep
Which Stygian's roar cannot divest,
Of cradle rest, upon Death's letheed deep!

Oh, peace divine!
Oh peaceful rest upon the boatman's breast,
Where tender Death has laid us down,
And smiling on our heaven-born rest
Placed on our brow, life's purchased crown!

Our Hopes and Dreams

Hopes and dreams haunt life's imminent fate to gird
With sunshine and moonlight its unlimned page—
Yet, sorrow will come, like a wild sea bird,
With wings all a-ruffle with an impotent rage—
For as sea brings its drift to the shingley shore,
So the years strew life's edge with what floatage they
bore.

With a drip, drip in silence, life's dark drips in tears.
For as rose leaves in Autumn, one by one, flutter down,
So do we drop our hopes and our dreams 'long the years.
How like stars of the night, which fierce tempests dis-
crown,
Are the hopes that have shone, a bright star o'er our
life—
They too, sink in life's battle, 'neath the strength of the
strife.

Like a bow Time has emptied our bright, dream-filled
quiver.

As he emptied all hope out of all our agosies;
But out of the crypt of their tomb, the Dream-giver
Resurrects every hope, every dream it encloses.

In "that future" hopes wait, and the dreams we have
dreamed.

Dead days bury no dead in the past's keyless tomb,
For the hopes and the dreams, with which human
hearts teemed

Will leap into being, from life's travailing womb—
Be our true, risen self—resurrected and real,
And "that future" be either our woe or our weal.

Forest in Autumn

I remember a forest, where the leaves drip their crimson and shine

O'er a shadow-shorn turf, and the ivy the beeches twine,

But the shadows fall spare,

Till the Autumn comes there,

Then the scared shadows quiver, when sunlight familiarly flings

Its presence about them, and each day more caressingly clings.

Myriad birds, each one taught by the stress of a strange desire,

Sing such songs, as the hush of the solitude shall inspire.

And the brave, martyr flowers,

The frost aster, still towers

Through the castaway leaves of the beeches, and maples, and ash—

For neither the frost nor the sleet can that brave bloom abash.

When like wild, prairie campfires and torches, the bright stars are lit,

And the moon, like a crown on the brow of the midnight sits,

Or wind buffets the trees

Till they sink to their knees,

Like a scared heathen kneeling to worship his God of the gale—

Then, I think of that wood where the beechnuts, and berries and quail

Were the Father's and mine,

In childhood's lang syne.

Upon the Desert

Aeons of thought may perch upon yon stars,
Or soar yon hollow fields of air—
But sleep's enchantment fills this silent space.
When folds of midnight are unfurled
Above the silv'ry carpet of this place—
The dazzling quiv'ring upward hurled—
Not even night can dim, for crazing glare
Falls 'bout the cactus ev'rywhere;

Glist'ning sometimes, so shadowless and bland,
Then, wind, once tumbling 'mongst the pines,
Comes fi'ry hot, and lade with hotter sand,—
Now, woe the wand'rer past the lines.*
Brain reels, thirst burns his vitals, and he dies;—
Within the desert's yawning caught
Betwixt the glaring sand and glow'ring skies.

My Life's Work

When Time shall clip the thrums within my loom of life,
And drop my finished weft upon the sand—
If one shall come, my weft as legacy to claim,
I am content; for if, with silken strand
His broid'ry make it beautiful, I'll not repine,
E'en though the warp, and woof, and weave were mine.

** Posts have been set on the desert from one water hole to the next, to guide the traveler.*

Cheerfulness

I'll loose me a Paradise-bird to sing,
Perhaps, winter's storms will remit excess.
And, thou, lovely trees, hilly slopes bring spring!
Say yes! Say yes!

I'll loose me a Paradise-bird to sing,
There's no heart in the spring, nor in anything.
Mayhap he will bring me offering!
Say yes! Say yes!

I loosed me a Paradise-bird. It sang.
The winter soon fled, and the spring's emptiness
Was filled with a sunshine that jubilant rang
With yes! Oh, yes!

Giving

Heaven's gifts are bestrewn with a lavish hand—
All unheeding to whom any gift shall fall.
Oh, then scatter thy gifts over all the land;—
Fondest words, sweetest smiles, thy best thought—give
all.
Give them free, as is sunshine, and never know
If thy gift fall to friend, or it fall to foe.

Nature's Soul Found and Lost

Thy way was trackless, yet, I found thee,
Thy voice was dumb, yet, now, around me
The silences articulate
With messages of sky and rose,
And all the things the green grass knows—
Until my soul eliminates
The grossness from within life's mystery,
And feels the thrill of heaven's felicity.
Poor soul! Today by inspiration fed,
Tomorrow by temptation led—
For if she but gesticulate
That I go down broad ways, that sorrow,
I seek no trackless way tomorrow
To hear the things the green grass knows,
Or messages from sky and rose.

Woman's Love

She reaches empty hands for love.
They empty close.
More than her own heart sings of love
She never knows.

Loneliness

The waves caress the lonely isles.
The bird's song cheers the forest's aisles.
Lone deserts know the flowers' smiles.
For Nature loves 'mid loneliness.

Each soul comes into life alone,
Alone it lives, to all unknown.
Alone it goes, when life has flown.
It lived its love in loneliness.

Though springtime died, did vi'lets know
Their doom of winter 'neath the snow?
What means their solitude below,
But, that love shares their loneliness?

How human hearts in darkness cling
To love's dark lattice, tho' it outward swing—
When waiting, more than love would bring
In dreams of love, when loneliest.

Sea Waves

What a great, grand voice have the waves for me.
It seems God speaks of Himself in the sea.
Can I interpret its language right,
With my soul untuned with its utterance quite?
Yet the smallest wave knows the mystery
In the great, grand voice of the wave-torn sea.

Trust In God

I trust Him with my human soul.
Enough that He has held it once,
And looked upon it as His child;
And when no more this urn shall hold
It safe—His arm again will fold
With love about its nakedness.
His father heart with joy will bless
His prodigal's return, and when
With love my hungry soul is filled—
And Heaven's lullaby has stilled
My earth-tossed weariness—I then,
Shall know love's longed-for tenderness.

Proud Sea.

The mountains knew thee as a cloud
That o'er their summits meekly bowed,
O proud, proud sea!
And once thou wert a lowly brook,
O proud sea!
E'en meadows knew thee, in their dew,
And thunder, in the rain-drop's quiver,
O proud sea!
The seasons are acquaint with you,
As is the humble, flowing river,
O proud sea!
The springs gave you their waters too,
To swell your tides contentious blue,
O proud, proud sea!

Scene in Colorado

Snow covers the slopes by the shrubby oaks heathered,
Where the pine trees are standing, all whitely frost-
feathered.

Ghostly trees, ghostly shrubs standing closely together
In the magical scene of the Autumn-time weather.

Bright arrows of light, shot from morn's golden quiver
Have set the frost diamonds on the boughs all ashiver;
All the white branches glisten like a mane spun of fire.
Heaven's rivers of beauty seem emptied entire.

And when moonlight drips silvery drops o'er the hills,
'Tis a heaven made real. Purest whiteness so fills
All spaces except the cerulean air.

Frost-purified earth! Indeed thou art fair!

Love's Waiting.

As darkness loves to linger near the casement damp—
To enter when, she shall extinguish her bright lamp—
So, does my love, by her heart's lattice wait and wait
For sign, that I may enter through its unbarred gate.

Never Old

As sweet today are meadow brooks,
As when, for me, their song was young;
And Nature now, no older looks
Than when, for me, that song was sung.

And yet, today, life's idle oars
No longer in their rowlocks ride,
But worn by sands of shoals and shores,
They both lie folded side by side.

God rowed my bark ere tempest-torn,
And still He guides its prow;
And though the rowlocks are outworn,
He rowed no better then than now.

Things Unseen

Pretty baby-eyed blooms, leaning cheeks 'gainst the sun!
Of its tint and its love all thy petals were spun.
And the thread of the sunshine thy dainty stripes
weaves,
And the heart of the summer is a-tangle thy leaves.
Thy perfume, heaven winged, my heart's altar o'er-
wreathes;
And the purer the prayer the heart's purity breathes,
The more, thy perfume seems true incense of prayer,
And thou, the true censer God swings in the the air.

Be Reconciled

Oh, be reconciled at eve,
With thy dark, dark day!
When the moon reaches down
Her golden crown,
And the lily from her cup
Pours the perfume away—
Say, "'Twas dark"—but believe
The sun shone bright alway.

Oh, be reconciled at morn,
With thy dark, dark night!
When the sun reaches down
His silv'ry sheen,
And the flowers lend their glow
To make sunshine more bright—
Say, "'Twas dark"—but oh, scorn
To think, no moon shone bright.

Co-Operation

One tiny blade among the grasses
Casts but a feeble shadow,
And counts as nothing 'mong the masses
Abounding in the meadow.

But when the wind the meadow lashes
Into green, grassy billows,
They blend their blades and though rain dashes,
Stand sturdy as the willows.

Invocation

Soul of Nature, once thy silence breaking,
Yield unto my soul's far seeing,

The deep, deep myst'ry of thy being.
Tell me all thy highest meaning,
While my soul on thee is leaning.

Though no prayer I was intending,
Something sweeter with my soul is blending.

I know the reason; I am learning
In answer to my spirit's yearning.

Like a child I am now kneeling
At the Master's feet, and feeling,
He read the soul of rose and lily,
While I read Nature's soul so illy.

If thy heart beat slow of sorrow,
If thy grief to tears compel—
Then, remember—(Oh, tomorrow!)
That tomorrow, all is well.

Ambition's Tether

O, Duty, slacker knit thy chain
That tethers well my wayward will!
Life's bord'ring edge is turning gray,
Its fertile fields are sheafless still.

Oh, must I alway hear the waves
A-beating on a phantom shore?
A heart have I, but hearts are graves,
If hopes they hold can never soar!

While list'ning distant breakers hum,
Through nights so dark, and days so drear—
I've waited for my own to come;
But not a reaching hand came near.

Now, 'long my West, life's short day fades,
Yet duty's chain still braids and braids!

In The West

Where glory streaks the evening's gray,
Hand clasped in hand, stand Night and Day.
The distant stars, God's diamonds, fit
Into the dome and jewel it;
And fling their radiance sparkling back,
That evening's beauty has no lack.

The Far Land

Sometimes in our wanderings hither and hence,
Something draws back the curtain 'twixt body and
sense;
Through the rift comes grand, bodyless glories afloat,
And our soul sails away in the phantom-winged boat—
Past the arch of the earth, to a mystic beyond,
Where air pulses with beauty of infinite song;
To the lands bordering that, which to spirits belong.

Remembered

A deep, mysterious sense of comfort comes sometimes,
And all the joys of the glad bent skies are mine,
And my own songs with Nature's rythm rhymes
And burns, and throbs, and thrills till I resign
Myself, to the blissful presence of content,
And peace, and trust in the Omnipotent.
Again I walk alone and lonely in life's gloam.
I walk from tranquil stillness into roar
Of winds that howl o'er hopes in tattered foam.
Yon mountain's reach, that touched God's sky before
Seems sunken now 'neath burd'ning clouds—and yet
I know, God's touch, they never can forget.

Morning

The Morning has shorn the dark locks of the night,
And her own yellow tresses are now floating proud
From the mountains' far summits, and blackness melts
slow

Down their slopes, as if furrows of sunshine she plowed.

Downy fog, that so wearily leaned on the sea,
She is lifting, for place for her gold to drip down.
That a girdle of yellow translucence may be
Stretched across the wide sea to embellish earth's gown.
Trembling dewdrops that melted in perfume of flowers,
Stroll with morn through my window, while birds and
the bees

Blend a murmur and song, like eolian showers,
With the laugh of the poplars, at the kiss of the breeze.

No pleasure is lasting—no never!

The rose and the thorn have one stem,
The thorn will remain there forever—

The roses—Well, what blighted them?

Easter

Spring lays hold of the bare, brown boughs of the trees,
And there quivers within them a keen desire.
The sun's driven sheen stirs the naked hills,
Till there throbs 'neath their bosoms a pulse of fire.
Where were snugly tucked blanket of winter's beds,
The daffodils toss their tousled heads.
And the trifling bees, with their humming tease
Betoken the coming of more than these.

Can You?

How can we ever hope to braid
Life's ravelly tangles in a skein?
How can the strands be straightly laid?
I can not see a method plain,
Can you?

How can I weave life's broken strings—
So dimmed by fade, and soil, and strife,
Into a token, such as brings
Reward into a future life?
Can you?

The Bird

Oh, little, blithsome bird, why balanced whir-r-r thy wings.

As if you, dreading, poised above a waiting grave?
Or did you hear afar, some new, sweet song, that brings
To you such sudden rapture, that spellbound thou'rt
list'ning?

Or did some old-time sorrow whelm you 'neath its wave?
Or did you see your weary fledgling fluttering
Upon a distant treetop, where he pants and clings?
Or, heard you echoes, where to me broods only silence?—
And, balanced on its current, you are lis'ning now
To what Jehovah speaks to tell you when, or how,
You can escape the coming North wind's violence?

Immortal Love

I miss her touching hand.
But wires vibrate with love
From soul to soul,
From strand to strand,
Across the narrow shoal
'Twixt land and land,
'Twixt scroll and scroll,
Unwinding here to wind above,
And bring to each her meed of love.

The Atheist

Silence edges the Spring with the gay daffodils,
Silence broiders the Summer with blossoming hills,
With its dreams, silence all the Autumn air thrills,
And it fringes the Winter with icicle frills.

So I pity the man whose soul loses its battle,
And he likens himself to the "dumb, driven cattle."—
For his life has no song, but his yoke's dismal rattle,
And he hears, in the silence, nothing speak—hence,
his prattle.

His own soul he has chained, and has drugged it to
sleep.

Oh, unlock its shut door, and its lattice unbar—
For as heart speaks to heart, and the deep calleth deep—
So, all souls, though embodied, of the silences are.
If of fountains of joy our earth life ever sips,
It must quaff of the silence with spiritual lips.

More Are Ye.

No branch from the bough is torn,
No shoot from the bush is shorn—
But Nature each leaflet misses,
And heals the wound with kisses.
Oh, how much more are hearts that sorrow!
So God will heal them all tomorrow.

Lake Ontario

Oh, aching head! Oh, sleepless eyes!
Night after night such vigils keeping!
Would I once more know calm repose,
Beside a lake, where mem'ry hies—
Where childhood's sleepy hushabys
Were lulling waves, whose slumb'rous doze
So soothed to sleeping?

This calm, still night, I see thee, lake,
As if you rocked yourself, while sleeping,
Still singing sleepy lullabys,
While little, lapping wavelets make
Caressing pats upon the sand,
So like fond mother's rockabys,
To soothe to sleeping.

Would now, thy murmur bring me sleep?
And rob my slumber of its sighing?
Thy waves, my life's first sound, and I
Wish that it be the last, comes creeping
Into my dying hour—that I
Then hear the old, old cradle-by
To soothe to sleeping.

As stars glance upward from the sea
Through waters pacified and stilled;
I would look skyward, and there see
My life reflected as fulfilled.
And hear waves splashing 'gainst the quay,
So like a requiem sung for me;
To soothe my sleeping.

The Lilac

Sweet Lilac, thy perfume has lured
My past to backward glide,
And youth, returned again, has moored
Her shallop at my side.

Stilled voices in love-whispers soft
Leap past into the night.
And olden dreams, so often scoffed,
Return with new delight.

I sometimes thought death would unbar
My soul's eternity—
And out past where mock shadows are
Youth's presence waited me,—

But now I know that youth has stood
In hunger on life's stair—
That sometime, when my soul was still
I'd know it lingered there,

And yearned for me, as I have yearned.
(For life a unit is.)

The past, that robber whom I spurned,
Claims not my youth as his.

He Chasteneth

Oh, blind, blind eyes, that cannot see till washed by
tears!

Oh, hard, hard heart, that cannot feel till smote for
years

With hammer strokes upon God's anvil—till ye know
Earth's weariness, pain and care, and sorrow as your
own;—

That all the human heart was made to bear, ye know—
Can feel another's grief, and feel the sufferer's throe—
And look with sympathy into the eyes that weep—
Have pity for the toiler, for tears transgressors reap—
That hearts that droop of famine, hearts that loveless
pine

May take new courage—finding earth has love like
thine.

Oh, sweet, sweet flower!
Of every soul that feels thy power
A soul is fitted for the skies.
For he, whose eyes
Companions with a sky or star,
And comrades with the sea or air—
Heaven has for him no lock or bar
Anywhere.

The Sudden Storm

See what a mighty, mighty dream
Now stirs the ocean's calm repose!
The mutt'ring, mocking thunders seem
But adding anger to its throes.

The winds off apple blossoms browse,
The writhing boughs their mates caress.
The low of frightened mother cows
Is wailing with the ocean's stress.

Do hear the dreary, dreary rain
A-striving 'gainst the window pane!
And see how high the billows leap—
They sweep the clouds off, in the deep!

The forlorn sky finds not a rift
Through which the sun may seep or sift,
To comfort by a fond caress
The roses in their helplessness.

Give Light

Give light enough
To make our path less dark and rough;—
For hearts o'ertender
Will wither, rifled of their splendor
By the dark.
But like the eagle, outsoar the lark
In the sun.
Give light, and heaven will be won!

Requirement

What if the sun would seek to kiss the mountain peaks,
And clasp the nestling valleys in its arms,
 And mounting high,
 And coming nigh,
Be driven from the mountains and the vale.
 Nor love for it abide
 In all the world beside—
Think you, another morn would e'er be known to trail,
Its loving way, all beaming up to mount and vale?
What if the leaves ne'er rustled to the whisp'ring breeze'
And flowers blushed no more at coming of the rain—
 Would rain or breeze
 Come still to these?
If heart touch heart, and love, with love's response is
 blent
 And love abide
 Time's stress and tide—
Give hovel, hut or palace—love will be content.

You and I

Love braided our lives as closely together
 As oak and ivy strand,
Firmly as lichen fits its fingers
 Into the granite's sand.

Two Mornings

Oh, morning!

Thou angel of rescue from direful night!

Thou frighten'st its boding and gloom away.

We watched yonder peak for thy banner bright,

That heralds approach of the coming day.

All night angry thunder has beat the skies,

And roared like a universe touched by pain.

We knew that no sky of its ag'ny dies,

Thy splendor would harness the earth again,—

That these nestling hills are beneath thy care,

Thy sheltering hands o'er the lilies bend,

Thou kneelest wherever the vi'lets are,

Thy sunshine repairs what the tempests rend.

Some morning,

Like a rescuing angel will fright the night

Called life, of the terrors, which darkness brought

And wreathe heaven's promise of dazzling light,

About all the havoc its night storms wrought.

There is a hurt in ev'ry bliss,

A balm and grief for ev'ry day,

But never-ending truth is this—

(As I believe and boldly say)

Soul blooms the best of aching.

Unknown Heroes

There are none better, higher, greater than he, who
stands

Past heaven's gate among God's spirit bands—

Than he, who had on earth, with lone, unnoted hands
Fought hard against the hosts of earthy greed and wrong.

And he, in heaven, who has not felt the stinging lash
That stung his wearied soul with welt and gash—

Must wait, that long, eternal ages slowly brood;

To know such glory, as is born in souls that know

The lessons learned on earth, in hours of grief and woe,—

Such hours, as those Gethsemane baptized with blood

That night, when rolled above the Savior, sanguine
flood.

Such task is slowly learned in heaven's joy may be,

But 'tis the glorious riches of eternity.

Need

'Tis said, that day will come, indeed,

As surely as the night gives need.

Has life not given need of death?

Indeed, what need has soul of breath?

Soul need is heaven. A need, that soon

Or late, will be our boon!

Works We Do

He, who would die the highest death,
Life's lowly rungs must climb.

And who climbs true,
His whole life through,
Has made "his life sublime,"
And hangs upon its topmost bar
A deathless, guiding star;—

For many times
Another climbs,
And claims a star is his;
And rich achievement is.

Then follow beck'ning hope,
You'll touch your star.
Nor count the journey's length,
If near or far.

Illusions

And does no sweetness drip from out my rhymes?
Are my soul's mighty wanderings vain?
Does life possess a having so sublime,
As its dear, sweet illusions?

The higher flight to which ideals keep,
The harder they, to reach and hold.
But oh, 'tis hard, off skies the stars to sweep,
And find them sweet illusions.

The Childheart

Childhood scatters the strangest magic over all its years.
A miracle bides with all its eyes have rested on.

How devoutly the aged, to it memor'al altar rears—
Not to mem'ry, but rev'rence of a slain child-hearted-
ness—

That mystical link that binds the child to the Divine—
That snaps at the touch of the world, as lightning blasts
the pine.

Oh Christ, resurrect our Lazarus, our childheartedness,
From the shield of its shelt'ring grave, or heaven we
have lack!

For of such is the kingdom. Give, oh, give our treas-
ure back!—

Our child-heartedness, slain by sword of worldliness.

Song of Love

May the night never come, Love,
When it shall be,
That I fall asleep, Love,
Unloved by thee!

Will the time ever come, Love,
When Death is due—
That I sleep in his arms, Love,
Unloved by you?

The Soul, the Parent of Art

I would not rhyme to tell my art,
But wake a yearning in your heart.
The heart is servant of the soul,
And toils, though soul be sleeping.
When skies their broideries unroll,
And clouds, up o'er the seas are peeping,—
Like a gold drop dangling from the stars
The moon, its silent vigils keeping—
And slowly wavelets maul and maul
The stretch of barren, sandy reaches—
'Tis then, earth's wayward loveliness—
The watching heart feels none-the-less,
Though held beneath a leash and bond—
But, wakes its Master—that his wand,
By mystic genius of his art,
May glorify each atom's part—
Perpetuate by verse and brush,
The mists of seas and forests' hush.

No Life Dies

Past the realm where creep our dreams of sleep.
Past the farth'rest bounderies of space

Our future lies.

As the hazy mist, that leaps a precipice
Seems to float in some unseen embrace

And upward rise—

So life's shadow reaches out its length from this,
Like a vast mirage its looms in space

And never dies.

It was pristine man's first vision rife with bliss:
For he saw his heritage—to trace

Beyond the skies

Subtle truths of soul—nor gave he armistice
Till his searching taught the human race

That no life dies.

When We Were Children

We knew just where the vi'lets grew
Along the rim of the pasture wall—
And just as well as springtime knew
When bits of sky, the sun let fall
To make for them a burnos blue.

Night Frost

Last night, o'er Autumn's bounderies
The Summer must have crossed—
For, 'long this pathway's broideries
Frost gleams like gems embossed.
Except wind winnows out the frost,
These flowers no more will flare
Their glowing, fi'ry holocaust
Upon the summer's air.
And perfume which they all have spilled,
Which west wind tossed and tossed
Till all the garden paths were filled
With winnowed fragrance—be less
A memory than a mistress.
For sunshine here had sacred shrine
And when its light withdrew
The moonlight walked among the flowers
And sprinkled holy dew.

Two Ways

When shafts of shadows fall
Toward the eastern sky,
A calm comes over all,
And evening's lullaby
The crickets sing. Then Peace,
Sleep's subtle soothing flings
Abroad, till men forget
That gold has clipped their wings
And left all ills that fret,
Left them, as clods of mold,
No better than the one
That hugs the undelved gold
Within the mountain yet.
But had man fledged his gold
With love's simplicity—
His soul could scarcely hold
Its pure felicity.

Fantasy

My dreams make bright life's darkest night,
As flowers hide graves from sight.
My sorrows dream-kissed one by one—
Like babes' kissed hurts are healed.
When tasks of weary days are done,
My wings to phantoms yield,
And lead me where flights of illusions
Are vibrant on the air;
Nor are those, darling, sweet delusions
Dispelled by morrow's care.

The Wide Firmament

Oh, stars that swing across a deep
 Profound, unfathomed and unknown—
Do you, athwart the welkin sweep
 To shine for earth alone?

Within its bottomless abyss
 Silence and solitude had birth.
No myst'ry so profound as this
 Dismays the baffled earth.

Though cloud be swinging over cloud,
 The sun omits no ray,
But piercing chinks of solitude,
 Speed silent, on its way.

How still the night, where stars and moon
 Pose at the mirror of the sea—
But morning aims sure arrows soon,
 And solitude roams free.

The Waterfall

Sometimes, I think I hear an elf,
Who laughs and sings all to herself

In the waterfall.

Then, too, I think I hear a kiss
Flung from the misty precipice

Of the waterfall.

Or hear a splashing in the spray,
As if, wind romped with her, and they

Whisk the waterfall.

Or hear a whistle and a whiff,
As if both plunging from the cliff

Splash the waterfall.

Born Again

What says the scythe as it swings through the clover?

What does it say as it cuts, passing over?

What is the blade to the tall grasses saying

When it falls shuddering, toppling and swaying?

This, does it say? "Fall asleep, for so passes

Life from the flowers, the grain, and the grasses.

Give, to the earth, earthy herbage—its dying

Heaven foredoomed, yet, the law 'neath it lying,

Fares thee rebirth—for the field's life of verdure

Shares life unending—nor dies of the scourger."

To The Soul

Go soul, and float on seas of space
Where earth and heaven interlace!
There learn of song as robins do,
To thrill with opening flowers too.
You will not mine for gold, earth's schist,
For rubies, nor for amethyst;
And if I hold you to earth's thrall,
And let you know no flight at all—
As perfume of the urnéd flowers
Returns no more at springtime's showers—
Or, as the riv'let at my feet
Becomes no river bold and fleet
If hindered on its willing way
From joining waiting brooks, till they
Have harried gateways to the sea—
To there sing songs unceasingly—
So, you forego your native bliss,
And fade, if bound to earth like this—
So go, and glow, and grow, and be
I, fitter for eternity.

The Living Waters

All soul roots in one living spring.
If of its waters we would drink,
We bend beside the holy brink,
And quaff the waters as they flow.
No cup called creed, the water dips
To bear it to our thirsting lips;
Each soul must to the fountain go,
Dip for itself the sacred flow.

No secret guards a sacredness.
Some Moses, yet, will smite the rock
That priests have sealed with creed-made lock;
And man will then, soul purpose know.
No more athirst, his joy will leap
Like phosphor light upon the deep.
Each soul will to its fountain go—
Dip for itself, its sacred flow.

My Prayer

I am praying,
"Heaven bless
My betraying
Happiness,"
For, 'tis the sheaf, whose sowing
Was tears, and pain, and sorrow.

Tears for sowing,
Smiles for gain,
Always growing,
Out of pain.

Tears for seeding,
Yielding bloom,
Heaven meeding
It to whom?

Whoever reaps the harvest I have sown,—
God knows the highest use for what I've grown;
He most blesses,
When a wrong
None redresses—
Made me strong.

The Four

Does Autumn care that the brakes are brown?
That killing frost, ev'ry night sifts down?
Or Winter care that the trees are bare,
Or dream green leaves will e'er rustle there?
Spring cares that flowers live 'neath the snow,
And gives them welcome again, I know—
And summer shelters them 'neath her wing
Of sunshine—loving each tiny thing.

Peace and Love

Sweet, heaven-born twins were Peace and Love,
But exiled to earth to dwell:
Where Age chose Peace, and Youth chose Love,
And they were parted—and 'twas well.
One day they met in Youth's bright bower,
And quarreled fast, the whole day through,
And vowed, at last, that from that hour
They'd tell all men just what is true—
That Youth, and Love, and Peace weren't meant
To hap'ly dwell together.
Give Age, and Peace and Love one tent,
'Tis all they need forever.

Then and Now

Once, to the coming years I beckoned,
And counted life by years and years.
But now, by days, my time is reckoned;
With much to do as Azrael nears.
So much to do! No more inquires
My heart's old, eager questioning—
Of why so vain the heart's desires—
For now, in calm I work and sing.
I quite forget youth's splendor dies,
My gathering hands, rose thorns have vexed;
I only know I emphasize
The rest that is a-coming next.

Prayers of Nature

God hears the laughter of His rills,
The greetings of His thousand hills.
To Him the mountain torrents wild
Make answer, like a little child.
What answers make our wayward soul
In our life's river's turb'lent roll?
For stars and seasons He sets tasks
Which each performs, nor question asks.
We scorn life's duties, and still worse,
We call its stint of toil a curse.
Our lips with unction, prayers may say,
But Nature knows best prayers to pray.

Soul Language

Strike two strings of the viol with your finger,
Two notes will be blent in one thrill;
And as thrill answers thrill in the viol,
So, soul speaks to soul. Flowers still
Speak—though dead, in their perfumes that linger.
So tuned is our spirit's own cadence
With the hush in the dim woods replying—
We hear in its audible voices
The still language of soul, softly sighing.
The harmonies blending in silence
We may hear whisp'ring low in the thunder—
In sighs of the seared leaf when dying—
And replying of sweet flowers under.

The "Still, Small Voice"

Voice, from the silences come!

Come to me as in infancy's dream.

Love, from the silences come!

And if not—be thou then, mem'ry's theme.

For, of the silence I came,

And 'tis voice of lost kindred I seek,

Soul—out of silence I came,

And to me, should the silences speak,

Out of the silences come!

Come to me in a voice small and still.

Voice of the silences come—

Not in sound to the ear—but as thrill.

Out of the silences come!

Come to me in thy pure, voiceless speech.

Soul of the silences come,

And again of the silences teach.

Woman's Right In The Past

Should the highest ideals glow like stars o'er her head,
She must silently toil, looking earthward instead.

If she hear tones, that surely are seraphs' own lays

Floating upward and melting in evening's haze—

And from lingering mist, she might drag out the songs,

And harness each strain with corporeal thongs—

That others might hear the swift vanishing strain,

And perhags, be made happy again and again—

She may grieve the lost song—but, not be erudite.

She may say, sweetly say, "Stars are comrades tonight."

Soul Wedded to the Body

True marriage is a symbol of life. Woman, (the soul,) man (the body,) united, are one life.

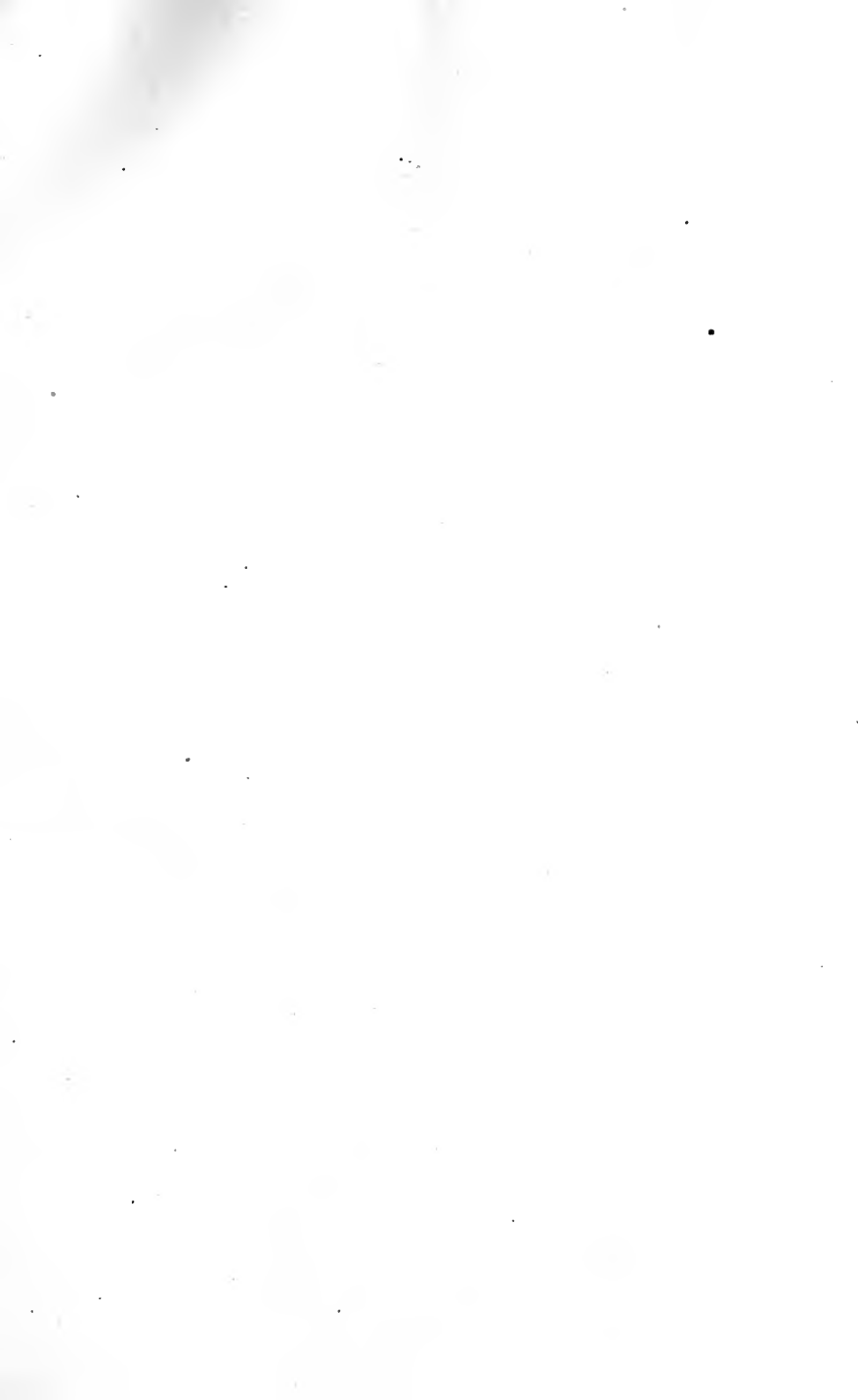
We cannot scan the starry depths,
Or see the ocean's farther shore,
Nor span the azure firmament;
And yet, soul can do this and more—
Can make of stars, safe stepping stones
To bridge the universe above—
Can enter to a heritage
Of peace and rest in heaven's love.
Not knowing death or orphanage,
Yet, lives a captive, shut by bars.
With wings unclipped by pain or sleep,
Forsakes the pathway of the stars
To cherish life—with man to creep,
And keep a wedded vow to life,
Forsakes a heaven, for wedded strife.

Hidden

We never know the perfume hid
Behind the rosebud's closed lips,
Till, as a rose it opes in smiles,
And blushes to its petals' tips.
We never know, if love be shut
Behind a cold and loveless mein.
Full many hearts are blooming—but
They bloom 'mid desert wastes serene.

Scene In New York

The midnight's sleet had frozen fast;
All icy-white the landscape lay;
A shower of glitt'ring gems was cast
From morn's first sunbeams, as if they
Were myriad stars the sky let fall
Upon the hills, upon the leas,
Upon the wood, upon the wall—
Till shrubs seemed like huge crystal seas,
Whose gleaming crests glint most of all.
And all the ice-clad willow trees
Became a jeweled waterfall.



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